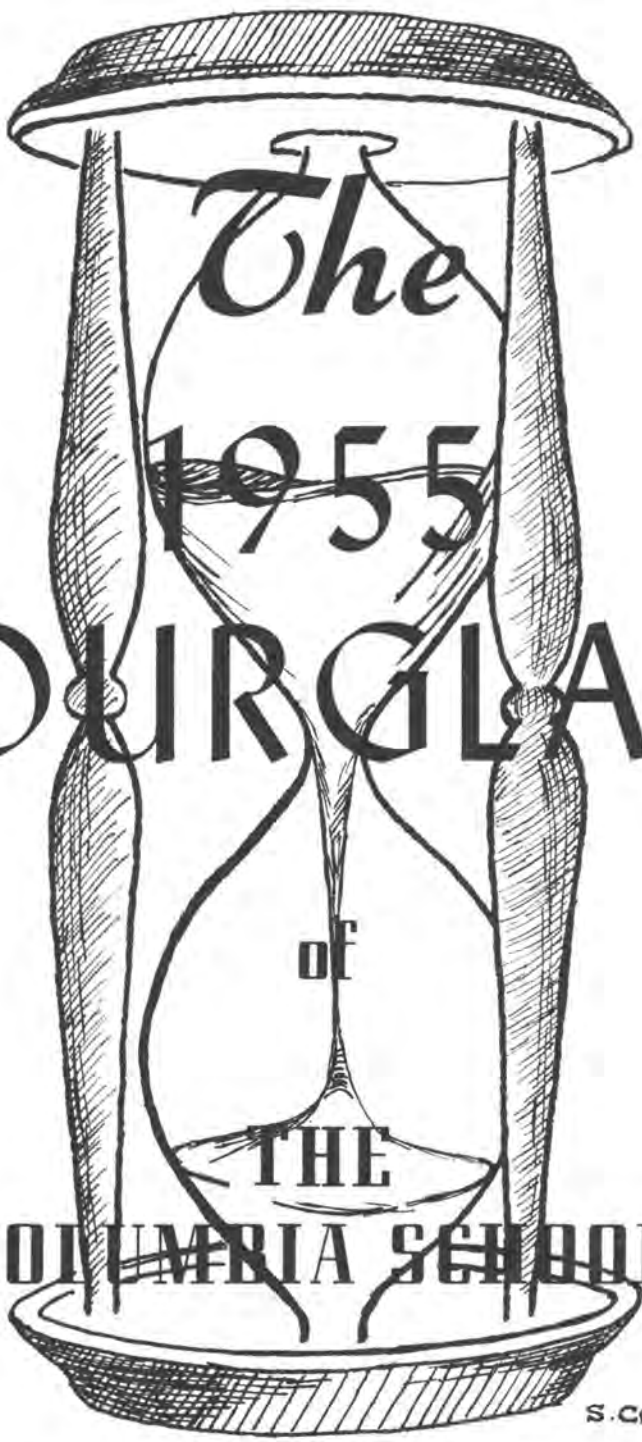
The Hourglass

1955



Rochester, New York

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THE 1955 HOURGLASS

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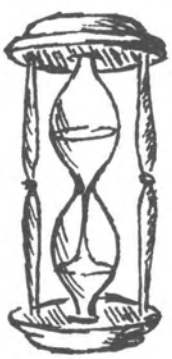


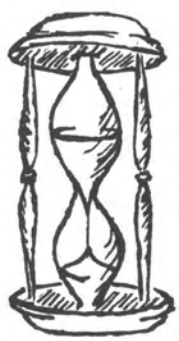
In APPRECIATION

To "Miss Church," we say with deepest affection, "Thank you." Thank you for your deep understanding, your kind words, your shining smile. Thank you for your helpfulness and sincerity. Thank you for letting us see how many wonderful traits a person can possess. Thank you for showing us someone who constantly gives to others. You are one of our fondest thoughts of Columbia.

The Senior Class

MRS. DELLA E. SIMPSON
Headmistress

We HONOR



To Mrs. Simpson, to whom we dedicate this yearbook, we pay loving tribute. Your helping hand has always been outstretched to us. Through our many trials, your guidance and warm friendship have steered our ship through the uneven waters. Shall we ever forget our chats with you when we would come to you individually and even in congregation? May just a little of the light which you have given us be reflected in what we do and what we become.

The Senior Class

First Row: Miss Littlefield, Miss Diment, Miss Skillin, Mrs. Simpson, Miss Churchill, Mrs. Plass, Mlle. Vuagniaux. **Second Row:** Miss Twaddle, Miss Wakefield, Miss Meehan, Miss Trembley, Mrs. Treman, Miss Child, Miss Monoe, Miss Alexander, Miss Ferguson, Miss Cady, Mrs. Jensen, Miss Reid, Miss Whitchurch, Miss Stubbs, Miss Rolfe. **Absent:** Miss Weston, Mrs. Gorley, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. Melenbacker.

THE FACULTY

MRS. DELLA E. SIMPSON, M.A.
Headmistress, Current History

MISS NELL S. SKILLIN, M. Ed.
Associate Headmistress, Chemistry

MISS SARA J. CADY, M. A.
History, Social Studies

MRS. JEAN CAMPBELL, M. S.
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MLLE. OLGA VUAGNIAUX, Diplome Pedagogique
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MISS CAROLYN WESTON, M. A.
Kindergarten

MISS GRACE ALEXANDER
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MRS. STUART GOURLAY
Dietician

MRS. KATHERINE JENSEN, B. A., B. S. in L. S.
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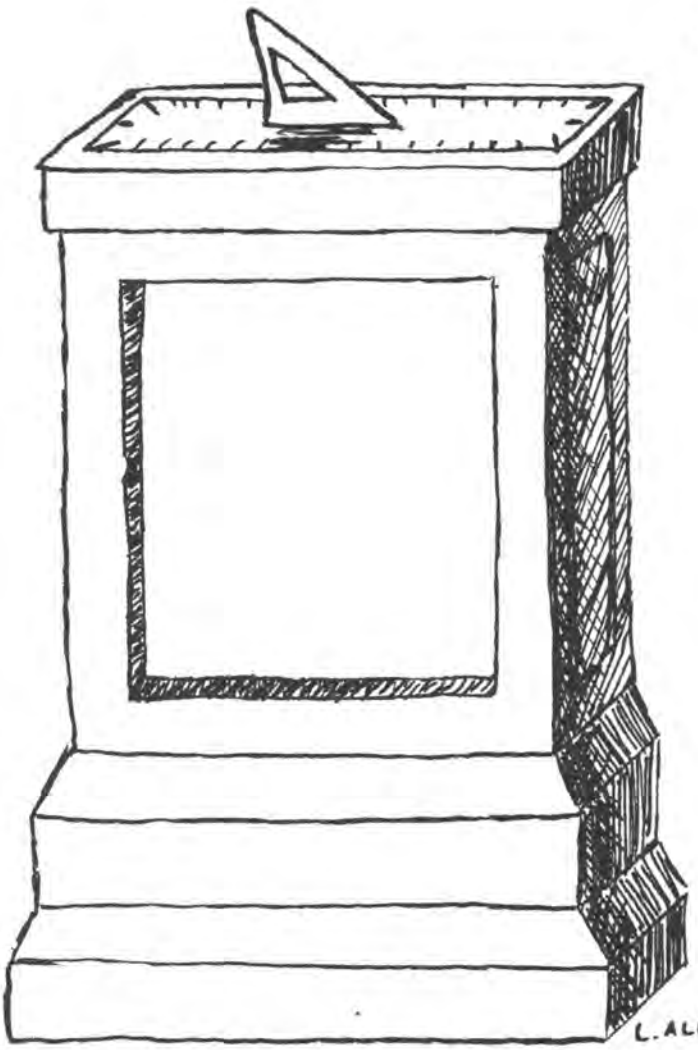
School Nurse

SENIORS



Business Staff, **Hourglass** 2; Food Committee, Social Welfare Projects 2, 3; Headed Candy-selling, Junior Class 3; Dramatic Club 3; Dress Committee 4; White team. Three years at Columbia.

Sally Raye Bareham

Sally's the gal with that "large cottage"—"Anyone coming down this weekend?" . . . The flippant gal with the short brown (?) hair . . . "Sneakers are to be worn only in gym class, girls!" . . . Had another accident lately, Sal? . . . Either talking or very quiet . . . Originator of women's pipes . . . Constantly found with a puzzled look trying to tie her shoe laces—some day, Sal . . . Black "specs" add a glamourous touch . . . Bermudas plus bracelets plus waterskiis minus shoes equals Canandaigua—all adds up to a great gal.

SENIOR

In 1951, when neck scarves were the rage and planes began to fly through the sky faster than sound, fifteen young freshmen entered the world of blue uniforms. Among these seekers after higher education was one who could boast of a letter from Governor

Work Committee 3; Social Work 1, 2, 3, 4; Chairman, Halloween Party 2; Assistant Chairman, Christmas Dance 3; Chairman, Graduation Dance 3; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Representative, Edwards' Fashion Board 4; Student Council 4; Class President 4; Assemblies Committee 4; Chairman, Christmas Dance 4; Chairman, Table Setting 3, 4; Chairman, Food Committee of Social Work Projects 2, 3, 4; Blue Team. Four years at Columbia.

Gail Elizabeth Beere

U. of R. sweetheart . . . Class President . . . Charming, with a smooth personality . . . Famous for the figure . . . "Any food for recess?" . . . Class Mama . . . Talent in front of the stage lights . . . "No, they're my sisters!" . . . Pen and pencil clipped on collar . . . As chairman of the Christmas Dance she helped make fun for everyone . . . A one-tune girl—musically that is . . . A magnet on an isolated hill . . . Demon with the Bunsen burners—she soddered the test tube to the clamp. Gail's presence is stimulating and charming.

CLASS

Dewey, advising her that, in spite of her misgivings about which she had so dolefully written him, her parent's decision to send her to Columbia was the right one. Initiation that year proved to the school that there was much originality in our class. Even our

Student Council 1; Study Hall 2; Literary Staff, **Hourglass** 2; Photography Editor, **Hourglass** 3, 4; Chairman, Library Committee 3; U. N. Representative 3, 4; Forum 1, 4; Chairman, Dress Committee 4; Study Hall Committee 4; Social Work 1, 2, 3; White Team. Four years at Columbia.

Mary Lou Bratt

"Anybody want a ride home?" . . . U. N. representative . . . Conscientious . . . Silky brown hair . . . "Beautiful Brown Eyes" . . . "Ooooooooops! It's at Daddy's office!" . . . "When will the seniors stop wearing sneakers?!!" . . . The quiet lass . . . "But, Mamselle!" . . . Sailing is a favorite pastime . . . "Kids, please don't forget your dues" . . . "All I was doing was putting the car away" — result: crutches . . . Didn't know you could light toothpicks, did you?— A muffin with toothpicks provided a happy birthday in the big city . . . Mary Lou's company is always pleasant.

1955

teachers, much as we had tried their patience, had to agree. Acting talent was shown, too, in our play for class assembly, *Pyramus and Thisbe.* Bridge Clubs marked the passing months. At the end of the year a party was held at Hartwood Hill, leaving us in a

Study Hall Committee 2; Chairman, Finance Committee, May Breakfast 2; Glee Club 2; Social Work 2, 3; Student Council 3; Bell-Ringer 3; Literary Staff, **Hourglass** 3; Chairman, House Committee 4; Food Committee, Christmas Dance 4; Blue Team. Three years at Columbia.

Corinne Verdun Bryant

"You did a good job, but in the wrong room. Really, girls!" . . . Our freckle queen . . . Mamselle's carrier pigeon . . . Hard worker . . . Ardent cat admirer . . . Enjoys singing in the church choir . . . Latin is not her love but music is . . . Coco may often be found curled in a corner with a book . . . One of the few seniors who live on a schedule . . . The girl with the broad smile . . . Stargazer . . . "Coco, what time is it?" . . . Coco's personality is always sincerely appreciated.

SENIORS

delicious state of sun-burned exhaustion.

The next September Dottie, Joyce, Mary Lou, Carol, and the two Gails remained from the original group, and the departing members were replaced by Sally, Coco, Deedee,

Athletic Association 2; Student Council 3; Chairman, Food Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Business Staff, **Hourglass** 3; Forum 3; Chairman, Study Hall Committee 4; Social Work 1, 2, 3; Blue Team. Fours years at Columbia.

Joyce Ann Chapman

Tall, blue eyes . . . College weekend gal . . . Understanding in her leadership—"Will you please get into study hall?" . . . Only godmother in the class . . . Is she absent again? . . . Aim: RN, wife, and mother (the more the merrier) . . . Our all-round sports gal with an interest in horseback riding and waterskiing . . . Friendly and comely . . . Good listener . . . "Oh—for a back rub!" . . . Ever try standing on your head for hiccups, Joyce? . . . Columbia's front stairway is Joyce's downfall . . . Second love is the **Yankee** . . . "Ah! These Jaguars" . . . Joyce is a good mixer and everyone's friend.

SENIOR

and Barbara. This was the age of "Dah" and "I Like Ike," and of squirrels attending math class. Our slogan, "All fun and no work," brought us the half-affectionate, half-laughing epithet, "Our Sophomores." An educational and amusing "ballad" assembly

Dress Committee 2, 3; Business Staff, **Hourglass** 2, 4; Social Work 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Study Hall Committee 1; Christmas Play 1; Red Cross Representative 3, 4; Chairman, Entertainment Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Chairman, Music Committee 4; Music Committee 2; Supply Closet 4; White Team. Four years at Columbia.

Carol Hoyt Clements

Jolly and a package of high spirits . . . "See you 'round like a doughnut." . . . Class canary . . . "Who's going to say grace on Tuesday?" . . . Famous for birthday parties . . . Miss Meehan's downfall . . . President of the one-second club . . . "California, Here I Come" . . . Our classy class clown . . . A diligent worker . . . A master of the art of bridge . . . Here she comes "rambling" along—it's amazing how many can be packed in . . . "Dear Governor" . . . Under that broad grin is a solid philosophy . . . Carol is straightforward and a friend of all.

CLASS

made us a name, however, and the May Breakfast was a big success. Again the year ended with a party given by one of our classmates.

1953-54, with the arrival of Penny, Linda, and Kathy, proved to be the year for

Study Hall Committee 3; Chairman, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Social Work 3; Literary Staff, **Hourglass** 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3; President, Student Council 4; Forum 3, 4; Chairman, Invitations Committee, Christmas Dance 4; Blue Team. Two years at Columbia.

Penelope Critikos

Our "little Chopin" . . . The seniors' serious one . . . Full of personality . . . The one who has actually viewed the Acropolis . . . A hard worker who always achieves her goal—but then there's the matter of a license . . . she always has the "inside" on the details of coming Columbia attractions . . . Her charm is reflected in the clothes she chooses . . . "But girls, do we have to wear Bermudas?" . . . Pink is Penny's color . . . A refreshing little Miss who is as devoted to Columbia as we are to her.

1955

Bermuda shorts, Bermuda parties, more Bermudas. It was then that the old slogan was revised to "More time for work and less for play," as a serious purpose entered the lives of "Our Sophomores," now "Our Juniors." *She Stoops to Conquer* again

Work Committee 2, 4; Glee Club 2; Social Work 2; Study Hall Committee 3; Business Staff, **Hourglass** 3; Literary Staff, **Hourglass** 4; Library Committee 4; Chairman, Decorations, Graduation Dance 4; Chairman, Tea Dance 4; Blue Team. Three years at Columbia.

Deedra Kay Dietrich

Sandy blonde hair and bright eyes and a sweet smile . . . Charming . . . Authority on miscellaneous facts . . . Looks striking in black . . . Columbia's version of Jarrin' Jack Jackson — "Yes, sir — that's my boy! Come on, kids, let's give it the old Go-Go-Go!" . . . Empties her cookie jar at recess . . . Motherly instinct . . . Famous for the hearty laugh . . . Can often be found among the reference books . . . Finds lemons delectable . . . Deedee is affable and sincere.

SENIORS

proved our dramatic gifts. Bridge Clubs were once again resumed, and this time actually included bridge lessons. The Dragnet theme, ('dum-da-dum-dum') was echoed from classroom to classroom and the Juniors couldn't let this go by without an original

Katherine Gabel

Tall, blonde, and beautiful . . . "Miss Powers" . . . Miss Skillin's answer to Einstein . . . Successful in everything but—"C'est la vie!" . . . Kathy's ensembles always consist of matching sweaters and socks . . . Eats everything, but who would know it? . . . Our ardent correspondent . . . "Anchors Aweigh" . . . Class athlete . . . A.A. Chairman . . . Loves soft colors and furry animals . . . Everywhere and always she is calm.

Athletic Association 3; Dramatic Club 3; Social Work 3; Chairman, Finance Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Literary Staff, **Hourglass** 3, 4; Chairman, Athletic Association 4; Forum 3, 4; Chairman, Finance Committee, Christmas Dance 4; White Team. Two years at Columbia.

SENIOR

interpretation, presented at the Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet. It was no surprise to the school that during our money-making project of candy-selling our waistlines began to expand — could it be that we were eating our profits? We realized that soon we would

Master Treasurer 4; Music Committee 4; Editor, **Sanddrift** 4; Literary Staff, **Hourglass** 4; Blue Team. Two years at Columbia.

Karen Gail Hart

Columbia's Jack-in-the-box . . . The smallest but the busiest . . . Ballet enthusiast . . . Class (d)reamer . . . Holder of the school money bags . . . Week-end at Hartwood Hill never to be forgotten . . . "But Miss Cady, I'm not trying to argue" . . . A real pal when you need a ride after dark . . . New face adds new slant to the **Sanddrift** . . . Ambidextrous eyebrows . . . "Really?" . . . Likes to be different . . . Has high ideals . . . Five feet full of fun — that's our Karen.

CLASS

be losing our good friends, the Seniors, so we put our all into a graduation we hope they'll never forget.

The sands of the hourglass poured on, and our group finally became Seniors.

Christmas Play 3; Literary Staff, **Hourglass** 3; Dramatic Club 3, 4; White Team Captain 4; Supply Closet 4; Keeper of Student Activity Book 4; Secretary-treasurer of Athletic Association 4; Welcoming Committee of Christmas Dance 4; Table Setter 3, 4; Chairman of Food Committee for Graduation Dance 3; Art Staff, **Sanddrift** 4; White Team. Two years at Columbia.

Linda Hert Lewis

Blue eyes, curly hair, and a sparkling smile . . . White Team Captain . . . Quiet but adds to the fun . . . "Birdie-Bird" . . . Five tries and she finally made it . . . Laughs at any and all jokes . . . New Year's Baby . . . Blue is her favorite color . . . Observant . . . Record connoisseur . . . Greatest consumer of her own cooking . . . Movie fan . . . Happy at heart . . . Found out she could paint when the locker room turned green . . . Laps up ginger snaps . . . Linda's sincerity is reflected in all that she does.

1955

Karen once again joined us to make our class complete. Our main interests began to turn to world affairs, and our United Nations trip gave us a better understanding of how

Betty Gail Manson

Our blonde page boy . . . Champion knitter but not much competition . . . "And we shall now pass to recess" . . . Artistic and imaginative — always found decorating . . . Devoted designer of **Sanddrift's** headlines . . . Rivals Sarah Bernhardt . . . Individualistic in English pronunciation . . . "Can't you give me a ride home?" . . . Good talker . . . "Who wants a chocolate for a vanilla?" . . . Care to dance, Mance? . . . Good pianist . . . Tells jokes — or are they? . . . "Let's be mature" . . . Gail is poised and adds a spark to any group.

Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Social Work 2, 3; Decorations Committee, Christmas Dance 2, 4; Assemblies Committee 3; Chairman, Assemblies Committee 4; Chairman, Decorations Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Chairman, Invitations Committee, Graduation Dance 3; Chairman, Art Staff, **Hourglass** 3, 4; Chairman, Art Staff, **Sanddrift** 4; White Team. Four years at Columbia.

SENIORS

the world, under proper leadership, could live peacefully and profitably together. Senior positions in the school were taken over with vigor, and our social life centered around

Flag-raiser 1; Study Hall Committee 1; Athletic Association 1; Assemblies Committee 1; Glee Club 1, 2; Library Committee 2; Music Committee 3; Social Work 3; Dramatic Club 3; Social Welfare Committee 4; Blue Team. Six years at Columbia.

Dorothy Helene Milella

Our photogenic brunette with a smile . . . The petite one with rosy cheeks . . . Dot, Dottie, or "Mil-eye-la" as Mamselle calls her . . . Once, twice — going steady again? . . . Breakfast at the Blue Door . . . Our Allendale rooter . . . The field ball forwards can always depend on Dottie . . . Dottie, the domestic . . . Noted for the orange coat and red hat . . . The authoritative source on apple polishing . . . Has acting ability . . . A combustible combination of a wagging tongue and those "sharp" argyles.

SENIOR

the University of Rochester and the giving of parties for the freshmen boys.

Time passed to June, 1955, when fourteen girls exchanged blue uniforms for

Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2; Social Welfare Committee 3, 4; Red Cross Representative 3; Class President 3; Class Forum 3; **Hourglass** Staff 4; Chairman, Social Welfare Committee 4; Social Work 2, 3, 4; Blue Team. Three years at Columbia.

Barbara Manson Williams

A strawberry blonde, with a cute ski-jump nose . . . Always willing to help . . . "This week I'm a-going on a diet" . . . At last Barb hits the road . . . Class Baby but in age only . . . "Anyone for Bridge?" . . . "How about my house?" . . . Enjoys analysis . . . Loves to dance with long swirling skirts . . . Has a private phone . . . The Social Welfare Committee chairman, whose enthusiasm has been an asset to the school . . . Barbara is a hard worker and knows the satisfaction of a job well done.

CLASS

frothy white dresses to signify graduation. It hardly seems possible that the last four years have passed so quickly, but as the class of 1955 enters its freshmen year of college, we will try to carry with us the high standards of Columbia.

Last Will and Testament

We, the class of 1955, being of no mind, do hereby leave this our last (we hope) will and testament:

To Mrs. Simpson we leave a vacant "sophomore" class.

To Miss Skillin, her chemistry class leaves one negatively charged atom, consisting of five electrons, four protons, and one maladjusted neutron.

For the faculty, we leave!

To Mamselle'e next homeroom class we leave the ability to stay out of order after the bell.

We leave the school much less confused than it has been.

Sally says, "Why leave it when I can take it with me?"

Gail B. leaves her ability to solder test tubes to clamps to anyone who can equal her.

Mary Lou leaves seventeen toothpicks on a muffin to the Biltmore.

Coco leaves a wastebasket full of tangerine skins to Mamselle, who simply **loves** them.

Joyce leaves the Air Force a little worse for wear.

Carol leaves her ability as an F.B.I. agent to Dinky.

Penny leaves a gym suit with a tail on it.

DeeDee leaves one size-seven sneaker to whoever can find it.

Kathy leaves a "cold" Dartmouth Winter Carnival to Zoë Paris.

Karen leaves her height to Susie Goldman.

Linda takes the missing proton.

Gail M. leaves to anyone who would like it all of the chocolate that she never ate.

Dottie leaves her ability to drive to anyone who is not interested in getting a license.

Barb leaves her private (?) telephone to Mattie Logan.

And for next year's Senior Class we leave Miss Cady's story on "How to hold 'palm-fronds'!"

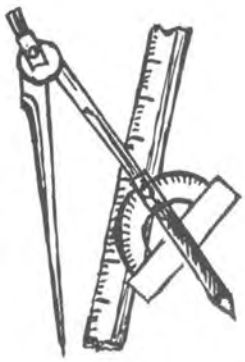
CLASSES

First Row: L. Clark, C. Bennett, W. Crouch, E. Kidd, G. Forman, P. Heuer. **Second Row:** R. Morrison, B. Clark, B. Bonner, J. Rodgers, J. Miller. **Third Row:** K. Carlsen, M. Alden, M. Detweiler, J. Searjeant, S. Goldman, Z. Paris, S. Couch, S. Street, H. Elwood, J. Adams. **Absent:** D. DeAngelis.

JUNIOR CLASS

Juniors . . . minus five plus six equals twenty-two . . . Full of fun and of course always talking . . . noisiest homeroom in the school . . . "Class dues again, already?" "If I ever pass French, I'll buy Mamselle a real plum tree" . . . A few brave souls struggled up early Saturday mornings to work at various hospitals . . . Hen parties spent listening to a certain favorite disk jocky . . . Tom Lehrer records first on the Juniors' own hit parade . . . Class assembly over, thank goodness! — didn't realize there were so many aspects to Civil Defense . . . "Can any girl think of four divisions of world affairs for the Forum?" . . . Christmas Dance and Kidd's Open House . . . Lake Placid excursion — a weekend of skiing, skating and . . . "Do you think I could learn to ski in such a short time?" . . . Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet . . . Driver's license — Congratulations!— "I never thought I would pass!" . . . A fortunate few journeyed to colleges for a weekend of fun and football far from home . . . Spring Fling . . . "Final exams here already?" . . . To learn what it's like to be top class in school, the Juniors won't have very long to wait.

Sophomores . . . minus eight, plus three . . . still the largest class in school . . . Live up to their name — wise fools! . . . "Committee-heads, don't forget to come to the meeting at recess!" . . . Wonderful time initiating those youngsters, frosh . . . never had a chance like that before . . . Finally an Open House — "Such a ball at Todd's!" . . . Lots of Sophs at Placid . . . "Did you say boys?" . . . Made a success as usual, of the bazaar — with of course much help from the freshmen . . . Hospital work found valuable and gratifying . . . **Very** faithful to Allendale . . . even contributed cheerleaders . . . "Will you all keep quiet? I've **got** to make an announcement" . . . "Who's your date for the Spring Fling? . . . More of them "horse fans" all the time . . . Their turn to crown the Seniors and dance around the May Pole . . . What'll it be like, being Juniors?" . . . "Can't wait to drive!" . . . Vacation's almost here, and then . . . they take their summer leave — "avec plaisir!"



SOPHOMORE CLASS

First Row: P. Newcomb, M. Barr, H. Royer, S. McCanne, W. Geib, R. Connor, H. Hellebush, J. Fisher, M. Huberlie, S. Lennox, P. Todd, J. Cockcroft. **Second Row:** J. Hudson, M. Hodge, L. Allen, J. Cann, L. Henry, S. Golemb, M. Hyndman, A. Shepard, E. Gleason, J. Marsland, H. Cohen, S. Rodgers, S. Clark, J. Youngman, W. Smith. **Absent:** E. Brown, E. Knight, B. Pease, M. Whitaker.

First Row: A. Wheeler, C. Alden, J. Nunan, S. Nichols, E. Messler, C. Mayo, M. Todd, G. Cox, M. Logan, E. Hanson, L. Goldsmith. **Second Row:** M. Crofton, L. Allen, A. Skinner, G. Roby, H. Parlow, A. Taylor, G. Pierson, A. Alberts, N. Youngman, E. Weller, J. Favour, K. Widing.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshmen . . . class of '58 . . . deserted by one, invaded by twelve . . . "Churchie" and Miss Cady, wardens of homerooms . . . Hallowe'en . . . Eeek! . . . learned new tortures from Sophs . . . Watch out, next year's freshmen! . . . Christmas dance — did we have fun? . . . Next day — sound asleep in the gym — — resting? — — Ha! . . . Christmas vacation . . . too many parties . . . how many girls dieted later? . . . Then came the hard studying . . . Exams! ! . . . "Don't worry!" — some teachers' famous last words . . . What are those red dots? — — Oh no! — — they can't be the measles! . . . "Please, girls, pay attention!" . . . A fine skit for Dads' and Daughters' Banquet . . . Spring Fling . . . yum . . . what fun! . . . Spring dresses on a cold May morning, doughnuts and strawberries . . . Finals . . . "S-h-h-h, let's study! . . . "Who's that killjoy? . . . And finally — Sophomores at last!

The Eighth-graders . . . lost one, found six, now twenty-three . . . Into everything . . . Just can't stop gabbing . . ." Can't believe it! Next year we'll be able to go to the Christmas Dance!" . . . Find lunch the best half hour of the day . . . Well, er-um-er, well, you see, it's this way . . . Man! what socks! . . . Can hardly wait for the Spring Fling . . . Interested in boys . . . Dancing School Belles . . . Youngest members of the Residence in their class . . . Social Welfare project was a big success . . . Spring vacation . . . Hurray! . . . Large class . . . Always "feeling their Wheaties"! . . . Silenced immediately by Miss Twaddle's little bell . . . Fond of confusing other classes with their "lookalikes" . . . Use sign language . . . Have some good skaters . . . This class can ride, too . . . Whew! that French pronunciation! A few "bookworms" . . . "Thrill Dill" . . . "Real" dresses at the May Breakfast . . . Looking forward to being Freshman next year — for more than one reason!

EIGHTH GRADE

First Row: M. Gordon, B. Anstice, D. Dutcher, J. Harding, B. Ogden, G. Broderson, K. Allen, M. Bailey, R. Wilson, M. Poole, M. Saunders. **Second Row:** S. Bush, B. Sanford, S. Barrows, C. Wright, C. Gable, J. Cann, S. Jones, V. Hawks, M. Neisner, A. Trainor, K. Yuile. **Absent:** H. Hudnut.

First Row: S. Hudson, C. Gandy, C. Davis, C. Castle, M. Hunting, P. Schuchman, C. Johnson, B. Beere, W. Johnson, S. Nottingham, A. McCoy. **Absent:** M. Stewart.

SEVENTH GRADE

The Seventh Graders . . . found anywhere, in the most extraordinary places! . . . A class of many interests . . . hockey . . . skating . . . Friday night dancing class . . . and, of course, horses! . . . Since Martha acquired a horse the class has heard never-ending details . . . Remarkable collections of china animals — mostly, of course, horses . . . Sports! — you bet! , , , Cynnie really sets the pace . . . Sometimes their minds chance to wander off . . . "Isabelle" — no answer — "Isabelle" — "Oh, yes, Mr. Melenbacker!" . . . Great story-tellers, and some very good writers . . . Whitney's imagination sets off in a dream . . . Well represented in the Christmas play . . . Mid-year exams — ohhh! . . . What's the weather like? . . . Spring Fling — lots of fun and a great success, as it was the class's first opportunity to attend . . . Now at the end of their first year in the Upper School and looking forward to next year as Eighth Graders.

THE MIDDLE SCHOOL

First Row: E. Wesson, P. Malone, M. Clark, S. Whitmore, M. Wickins, C. Wright, S. Sheppard, E. Reveley. **Second Row:** S. Harris, I. Shantz, L. Del Monaco, H. Knox, J. Willsea, S. Hylan, G. Webb, T. Hickok. **Third Row:** E. Swing, E. Murphy, E. Hughes, S. Boyink, R. Deverian, E. Bielski. **Fourth Row:** S. McBride, C. Clark, S. Hodges, B. Luke, M. Pierson, M. Jones. **Fifth Row:** V. Buck, L. Barnell, H. Neville, R. Preu, A. Wickins, A. Angle. **Sixth Row:** G. Dunn, E. Case, C. Anstice, K. Anstice, A. Fairchild, D. Lunt, J. Harris, L. Gordon.

Seated: J. Shaw, J. Springer, L. Prince, A. Weismiller, L. Pflanz, G. Meader. **Standing:** G. Gioia, B. Verlaine, C. Lunt, M. Harris, J. Yates, S. Smith, J. Clark. **Absent:** K. Bechtold, M. Olson.

FIRST & SECOND GRADES

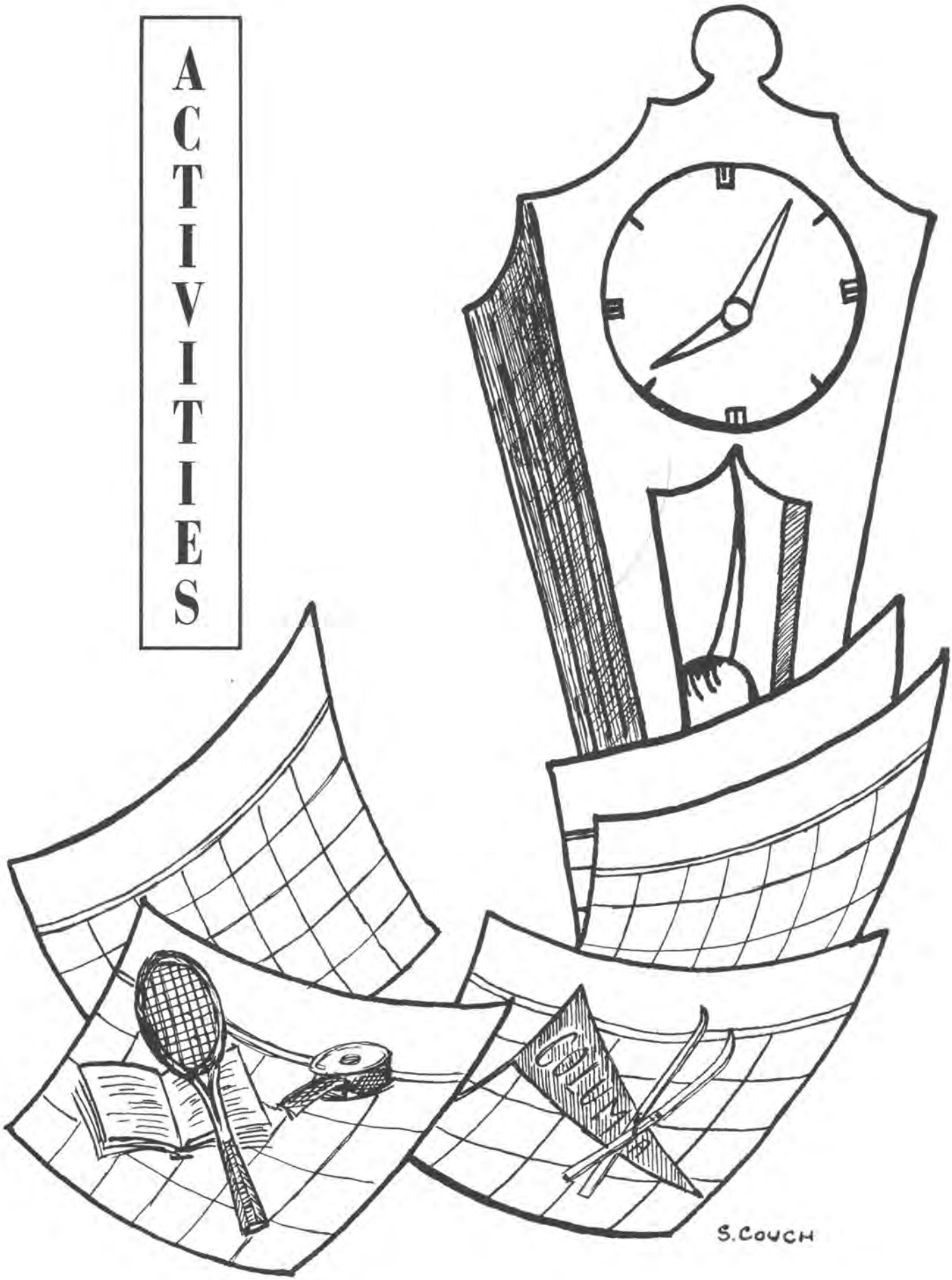
Seated at left table: P. Fergusson, K. Carter. **Seated on floor:** R. Hickok, M. Wesson, L. Meader. **Seated at right table:** M. Neisner, M. Posner, K. Stever, S. Thomas. **On horse:** H. Jann. **Seated at back:** W. Yates, B. Pease, A. Marshak, F. Everett, S. Thornton, S. Snyder, P. Hamblin. **Absent:** K. Beale, R. Hallman, A. Di Pasquale, R. Carlson, S. Field, K. Hale, J. Olson.

KINDERGARTEN

Seated at right table: C. Gioia, L. Field, S. Summerlin, M. Jann. **Seated at left table:** F. Fain, H. Hickok, P. Zahrndt, C. O'Connor, L. Brockway. **Seated at back:** C. Wright, C. Beale, D. Reveley, M. Freund, R. Pease, D. Smith.

NURSERY SCHOOL

ACTIVITIES



MISS SKILLIN

Associate Headmistress, Co-ordinator of Student Activities, Counselor, and Friend.

Study Hall in our new Annex

Student Council Meeting

First Row: B. Williams, C. Bryant, E. Kidd (Vice-President, Secretary), P. Critikos (President), Miss Skillin (Adviser), J. Adams, J. Chapman. **Second Row:** S. Goldman, K. Gabel. **Third Row:** G. Beere, D. DeAngelis, G. Cox, M. Crofton, M. Logan, J. Fisher, S. Clark, M. Hyndman, H. Cohen, S. Street, S. Jones, C. Castle, P. Schuchman, M. Gordon.

STUDENT COUNCIL

"Don't forget, Student Council meeting tonight." "Will the meeting please come to order." And thus proceeds the business of our Student Government. This committee is the heart of our student life, for it is this group which sees that all student activities are running at their best pace. New among the Council's projects this year was the sale of Columbia dogs and pennants. Keep supporting your Student Government!

Seated: M. Huberlie, M. Bratt, E. Weller, Miss Reid (Adviser). **Standing:** M. Saunders, M. Alden, E. Brown, J. Rodgers, J. Chapman (Chairman), G. Beere. **Absent:** J. Cann, A. Alberts, M. Stewart.

STUDY HALL COMMITTEE

"Remember, girls, Study Hall is just like a class, so you are expected to be there **on time!**" "C'mon, girls, let's get into Study Hall now." And once we're there, aren't we glad of such a quiet and studious place in which to tackle our assignments? This singular opportunity is maintained and protected for us by the diligent Study Hall Committee. We all owe this team many thanks for hours of uninterrupted study.

First Row: M. Bratt, S. Goldman (Business Manager), J. Adams (Editor), Miss Child (Adviser), G. Manson. **Second Row:** S. Rodgers, M. Whitaker, H. Cohen, E. Messler, M. Poole, K. Carlsen, A. Shepard. **Third Row:** B. Williams, G. Beere, C. Clements, D. Dietrich, R. Morrison, H. Elwood, L. Allen, G. Cox, S. Couch, L. Goldsmith. **Fourth Row:** H. Wilson, M. Stewart, E. Weller, S. McCanne, M. Hunting, C. Sanford, J. Rodgers, B. Bonner, M. Alden, J. Chapman, K. Gabel, Z. Paris, J. Cockcroft. **Absent:** P. Critikos, K. Hart, L. Lewis, J. Fisher, M. Hodge, J. Marsland, G. Broderson.

The 1955 HOURGLASS STAFF

This year for the first time the Juniors "steered the ship" and discovered a lot of hard, but enjoyable work! They hope you like the results!

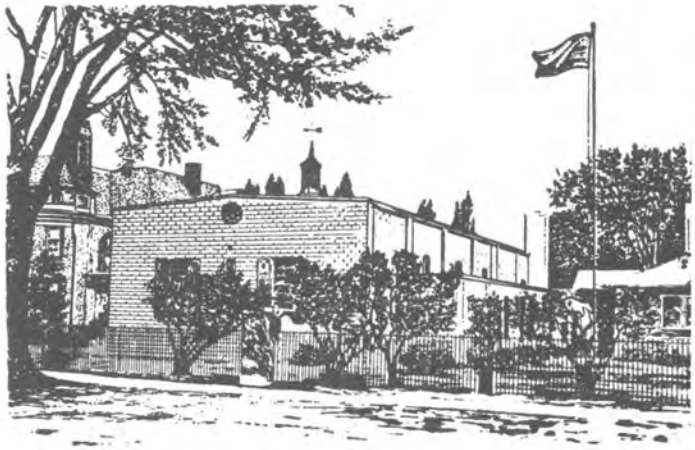
"Could you **please** have that sketch done by tomorrow?" "Girls, these committee write-ups **must** be in the hands of the publisher on Friday!" "The sophomores' picture must be taken again so please be here promptly!" "Oh, by the way . . . meeting tomorrow at recess, everyone!"

H. Hudnut, B. Williams (Chairman), M. Detweiler, Miss Cady (Adviser), D. Milella, L. Goldsmith. **Absent:** W. Johnson, J. Hudson.

SOCIAL WELFARE COMMITTEE

"This morning I'd like to tell you a little more about the Baca School." Caring for this Indian School is just one of the Committee's worthy projects. Others are contributing to the support of a French and a Korean orphan and helping in local and national drives. Result—many happier people.

Miss Meehan (Adviser), S. Street, K. Gabel (Chairman). **Back Row:** K. Allen, C. Alden, S. Rodgers, L. Lewis. **Absent:** C. Gandy.



ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

"Yeah, Blues!" "Let's go, Whites!" And down the field they go in quest of that all-important goal! The A.A.'s labors have produced many merry times, as well as increased sportmanship, fairness, and cooperation. No one will forget the wonderful Field Days and team games that were planned by the A.A.

C. Gabel, D. Dietrich, C. Bryant (Chairman), L. Clark, J. Youngman, A. McCoy, S. Nichols, Miss Skillin (Adviser).

HOUSE COMMITTEE

"Will everyone please go down to gym **immediately,** so that the cleaning can be done **today!"** "Would you like me to see if there are seconds?" These remarks re-echo through the school, as the "working" class endeavors to wash boards, dust, and wait on table. Such "educational" activity is the result of the House Committee's efforts to keep Columbia shining.

ASSEMBLIES COMMITTEE

"Are there any student announcements?" "Today we are fortunate to have with us . . . " "And now you may pass on to recess." Making such remarks forms only a part of the job of the chairman of the Assemblies Committee, which plans such entertaining and educational programs as class forums and assemblies, outside speakers, and movies.

Standing: E. Hanson, G. Beere, J. Marsland, B. Bonner, G. Broderson, C. Davis. **Seated:** Mrs. Simpson (Adviser), G. Manson (Chairman).

DRESS COMMITTEE

"Ten cents, please." "Remember, blue and white are the school colors, so **please**—no more fancy argyles!" Through the efforts of the Dress Committee, Columbia has been a neat and wholesome-looking school and has presented a fine appearance to friends and parents. We are proud of our school and proud of the uniform which represents it to the world.

B. Clark, G. Roby, M. Bratt (Chairman), Mlle. Vuagniaux (Adviser), S. Bareham, K. Yuile, S. Nottingham. **Absent:** R. Connor.

Seated: J. Nunan, M. Hunting. **Standing:** M. Neisner, D. Dietrich, Mrs. Jensen (Adviser), P. Heuer (Chairman), H. Hellebush. **Absent:** J. Miller.

LIBRARY COMMITTEE

"Has anyone seen **Time,** February eighth, nineteen fifty-five, since it left the library?" "The overdue book list is on the bulletin board—will you please start paying your fines?" Keeping track of books and collecting fines to buy new ones make up the activities of the Library Committee.

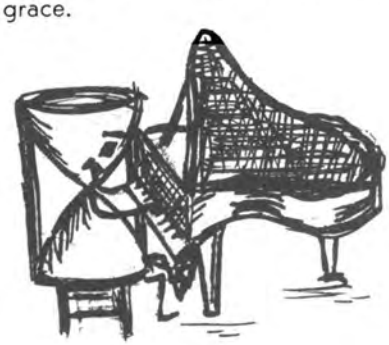
"Attention, please. Now we'll run through this scene just once more." With enthusiastic support from all classes, the Dramatic Club was off to a good start. Early in the year, Mr. South from the Community Players gave an informative talk to the members about stage design and settings. After mid-years further plans were made, and a successful production for the school was the result.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Seated: D. DeAngelis, S. Goldmon, Z. Paris, B. Bonner, M. Detweiler, H. Royer, M. Whitaker, B. Williams, C. Mayo, K. Hart, A. Skinner, G. Manson, G. Pierson, G. Beere, M. Logan, D. Milella, A. Taylor, J. Miller, H. Hellebush, L. Allen, W. Smith, G. Forman, M. Alden, B. Clark. **Back Row:** B. Kidd, W. Crouch, R. Morrison, J. Rodgers, H. Elwood (Chairman), S. Rodgers, S. Couch, S. Golemb, K. Carlsen, M. Bratt, J. Adams, J. Cockcroft, S. McCanne, M. Barr, S. Lennox, Miss Cady (Adviser). **Absent:** S. Bareham, L. Lewis, E. Brown, J. Hudson, L. Henry, P. Heuer, A. Shepard, J. Searjeant, M. Hyndman, G. Roby.

MUSIC COMMITTEE

"What happened to 'Clouds'?" "Noontime is here . . . " We owe our thanks to the Music Committee, which takes charge of producing musical talent shows, distributing and collecting music, keeping order during singing period, and leading the noontime grace.



Standing: Z. Paris, J. Cann, S. Hudson, K. Hart, M. Todd, C. Clements (Chairman), Mrs. Fisher (Adviser).

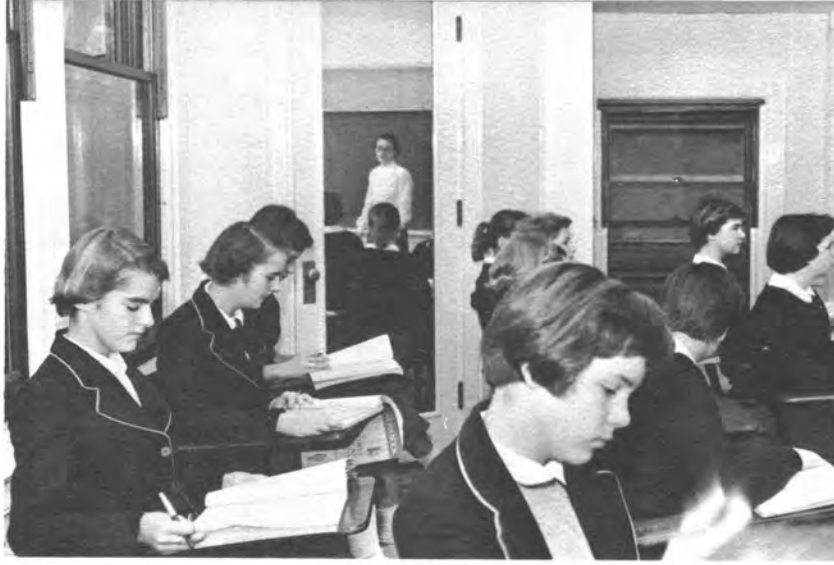
COMMITTEE HEADS

As regularly and quietly as the parts of a clock, the bell ringer, flag raiser, treasurer, and other committee heads carry on their duties without prompting or recognition. Yet without their contributions we could not go through a day at Columbia. So here's a special vote of credit to our committee heads!

C. Bennett (Bell Ringer), A. Skinner (Flag Raiser), K. Hart (Editor of the **Sanddrift,** Master Treasurer), E. Messler (Assistant Flag Raiser), G. Beere (Chairman, Christmas Dance), J. Rodgers (Pound). **Absent:** L. Lewis (Keeper of Pupils' Activities Book), H. Elwood (Assistant Bell Ringer).

CLASS TIME

CHEMISTRY LAB



FIRST YEAR LATIN CLASS

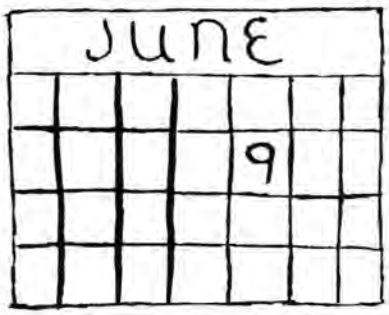
A MIDDLE SCHOOL ART CLASS

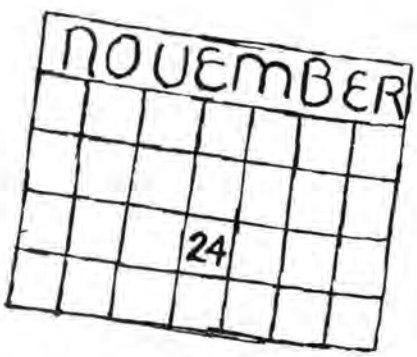
FRENCH THREE

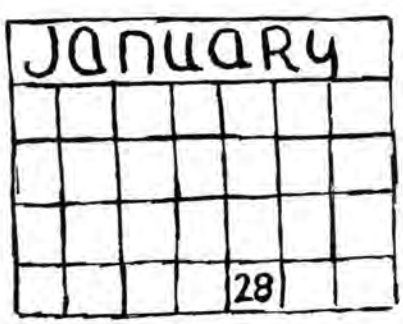
8th GRADE MATH CLASS

CALENDAR of EVENTS

1954
1955







SEPTEMBER

Student Council meeting, Friday
Get-together for new girls
Monday: Here we are! It's great to see teachers and friends again.

OCTOBER

Field Day—Blue and White teams chosen
Freshman initiated into the fold by Sophomores

NOVEMBER

Thanksgiving recess—four days of fun

DECEMBER

Christmas musical—beautiful singing
Thanks, Seniors—what a dance!
Christmas Holiday begins

JANUARY

Back to school, full of high spirits
Alumnae puppet show
Why is everyone studying?
Placid, here we come!

FEBRUARY

Senior Forum takes the airwaves on "Censorship"
7th grade takes us ice-skating
Freshmen uncover our hidden talents
Daughters are surprised by fathers' talents
Thanks, George Washington!
Sophomores present Forum on "Juvenile Delinquency"

MARCH

Sophomores and Freshmen put on Bazaar
Junior Forum—"U.M.T."
At last—Spring Vacation!

APRIL

Back to school in summer skirts
Wonderful Spring Fling!

MAY

May Musical brings Spring
Mmm . . . Good breakfast, nifty Maypole dance
Happy Memorial Day

JUNE

Finals, already?
Graduation—we made it!

Blue and White Team Hockey Game

Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet

Halloween Party

Talent Show

Senior Forum

Doll-making for Baca School

TIME FOR FUN

Mrs. Campbell, Middle
School English Class

Mrs. Gourlay at Lunch

Teacher's Initiation at
Halloween Party

Mrs. Fisher in a Music Appreciation Class

Miss Weston, Kindergarten Teacher

Mr. Hollenbach in Singing

LITERATURE

TIME TO WRITE

A GIFT FOR THE SOUL

A bright light shone down upon the dark green of the cypress and the silver green of the olive trees. The intense blue of the sky somehow made the air seem dry. Across the almost barren valley one could clearly discern the level flat roofs, the white-washed stucco, and the scattered sprigs of trees. This small Grecian town was typical of many in the Peloponesus.

Paulos stood on his bare feet, leaning against the side of a wall in the town square. On his right hip rested the weight of his basket, filled with waxed-paper bags containing peanuts. Toward the far end of the café, a man snored loudly, his head buried in his folded arms, which were crossed on a stained wooden table. Shops were closed—the town was at rest because the villagers were seeking relief from the blazing midsummer sun within the heavy stone walls of their homes. As the noonday passed, activity slowly began.

Paulos moved among the gathering group of dark-complexioned men and tried to sell his nuts, but most of the young boys only mocked him and feigned sophistication. Women were to be found nowhere, for they did not go to the café. Paulos walked along the stony path to the foot of the town hill where several children were playing. On his way he passed the village priest, who reminded him to come promptly to the church to make the candles for Sunday. Paulos followed the priest obediently. For years Paulos had helped the priest make the dull orange-colored candles.

This boy was from a poverty-stricken family. Everyone in the village older than he could easily remember Paulos at the age of seven, selling his peanuts.

Paulos had a longing in his heart, a longing to go to school in Athens. This great desire made him work whenever he was able. But work was scarce. Life here in the little village seemed to stand still. The people merely existed. Besides, some of them were almost entirely supported by relatives in America. The little he could earn, he felt with despair, would never take him to Athens.

But comfort settled within Paulos whenever he peered into a book—into practically any book which he could borrow. Nothing fascinated him like reading about other lands and other peoples.

On this day, after Paulos left the church, he rushed up a winding and crudely cobbled road. As he approached a small house, he saw the familiar figure of an old wrinkled woman with rounded shoulders, a black cloth draped loosely over her silver hair, and her small chin resting naturally on her worn cane handle. Somewhat hesitant about entering the doorway, Paulos called timidly to the old woman sitting in the window. Immediately the corners of the stooped figure's mouth turned upward and a gentle glow of happiness spread across her face. When her weak voice replied shyly, Paulos entered the large room in which the woman was sitting on a stool. The furniture in the room consisted of several dark-brown straight-backed chairs, and a wooden cupboard with several shelves, on which were a number of glasses and plates, eight or nine books, a wine decanter, and a few knives and forks. On the left of the glassless window which looked down upon the town, a simple ikon, framed with a narrow gold-colored frame,

was tacked to the wall. There was no kerosene lamp or candle—the old woman was blind.

After Paulos and the old woman had exchanged several words, he picked up two large tin cans with wooden handles and sped down the hill to the nearby well. Now the sun was casting tinges of lavender along the mellow, flowing hills in the distance as it fell below the horizon. It was becoming difficult to see the gray road which worked its way along the mountainous slopes.

As the young boy climbed the same hill again, he did not move with the same speed because his tanned hands were holding the two cans filled with clear well water. The air was pleasant, sprayed with fresh fragrances of summer.

When Paulos reached the house, he quickly emptied the cans into a terra cotta earthen jug and darted into the room in which the woman was sitting. He picked up the single book which lay on the table by the window. Hastily he turned to a certain page and began to read.

As Paulos read to the old woman, a genuine joy throbbed in his voice. He and his companion lived together in another world. But all too soon the oncoming of evening told him to close the book and go home. With friendly words of goodbye, he sped down the stony road.

When Paulos dashed into his house he could hear his mother in her usual tone scolding his older sister, Zoë. The brilliant embers from the black wood stove furnished the light which silhouetted a chubby, matronly woman and a thin barefooted girl with braided hair. He stood several minutes, unseen and unheard, as the matronly figure repeated her harsh scolding to her daughter, who had used too much wood in the stove.

Mother, daughter, and son sat down to their meal of hard bread, greens, and a small amount of white goat's cheese. The words of conversation were as usual. Zoë talked about her day in the field, and naturally Paulos was expected to report about his earnings. As usual the mother snapped at her son and told him that with more money they could buy some flour for the winter bread. The cause of this woman's irritable disposition was simply that her husband had died, leaving her no money, a field plagued with stones, and a poor home.

Before long Paulos was again part of the town square scene. Once more his basket rested on his sleeveless arm.

This pattern of life continued, Paulos becoming more eager each day to borrow books and peruse them in his limited spare moments. He enjoyed his work making candles for the church because the priest was always willing to tell about life beyond this village.

On the last Sunday in August during the long dry summer, Paulos went again to the old woman's house on top of the hill. Along the path he rested for a moment and leaned against a wall of stones, which had once provided a temporary defense against the guerillas. Before the youth had time to stretch he heard a wretched cry. His body was seized with alarm and he ran furiously to the old woman's house, from which the cry had come. Out of the low front doorway darted a frenzied young girl. She managed to gasp out that her neighbor, the old woman, was resting, dead, against the table inside. Within a half-hour the news had traveled through the town, and shortly the old woman's body was resting in the church, which was perfumed with misty incense.

Now Paulos sat on the stool by the table in the old woman's house, dejected. It was hard for him to believe that she was gone. The hills that could be seen through the window seemed dull and insensible. Strident sounds came from the insects in the fields. Automatically Paulos reached for the book and opened it. There, on the yellow, worn page where he had last finished reading, lay wrinkled paper bills. Seized with surprise, Paulos counted the money. He knew that she had left it for him. Heavy tears washed over his dark chin as he lifted his face to the ikon and choked out words of overwhelming gratitude. Faith had been replenished.

Three days later, Paulos sat in an old bus, which made blasting noises as it wound around the mountainous turns, on his way to school.

Penny Critikos, '55

"SIC SEMPER . . . "

It's April twenty-six. For twelve days I've been waiting here in this barn, remembering the smile on his face as he watched the play, and nursing my wounded leg . . . I was a fool to let myself get hurt . . . I've been waiting for them to come . . .

I'll never let them take me. I'm glad I killed him and I'll never repent. I don't think they'll even dream of looking for me here in this barn because it's so far from the theater . . .

The theater . . . Ford Theater . . . I'll be famous some day for killing that tyrant . . . I remember I had another plan but it failed. I'd planned it so carefully and then he never showed up.

Yes, he eluded me the first time, but the second time I made sure he didn't escape . . . The night it happened . . . it was just a little after ten and the play was in progress. The audience must have liked the play . . . Everyone was laughing . . . Even he was laughing, but not for long. Nobody even saw me go toward the box. I slipped inside, stood behind him and shot. He slumped over, the smile of amusement from the joke in the play still on his face. I had to escape from him and his smile so I jumped from the box onto the stage. It was then I hurt my leg so badly. I don't know why I was so clumsy but of course the box was high. The dramatic words I spoke at that moment should go down in history. "Sic semper tyrannis. The South is avenged." Then I ran from the theater and galloped away on the horse which I had left outside the stage door. I rode and rode until I came to this farm outside Bowling Green, and here I've been for twelve days, waiting . . .

I hear voices . . . I think they've discovered me but I'll never let them take me. At least not alive. I smell smoke. They think I'll surrender if the barn is on fire. I will never surrender. Not John Wilkes Booth.

Zoë Paris, '56

NOT A DREAM

Until the day I die I shall probably wake up at night in a cold sweat, after having relived again the same horrible dream.

It was many years ago, but it seems like only yesterday that my family and I sat in the cellar of our home with several of our neighbors, and listened to the forbidden words of the free world. My sister and I were told time and time again never to mention this activity even to our best friends because our very lives depended on our secrecy.

My old school had been closed because of its liberal views, and my older sister and I had been sent to a government school to learn how lucky we were not to be free. I hated the school, but Mother said we were fortunate to be educated, no matter how.

About the third day of school some soldiers began questioning us about our home life. I didn't know any of my school mates except my sister, and consequently I was quiet and could easily hear what was going on. I heard the same questions asked of each child, and when my turn came I was so frightened that I was barely able to walk up, curtsy, and greet the horrible man in uniform. He asked me the usual questions—my name, my parents' names, where I lived, and what school I came from. I answered timidly, and he made me repeat all my answers several times. Suddenly the man next to him whispered something in his ear. Then he began to question me anew.

"What does your father do?"

"He's a doctor."

"Where did he get his degree?"

"I don't know."

"Do you know what his political views are?"

"His what?"

"His political views."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Never mind!"

I could see that the man was getting angry. But so was I. Why did he keep asking and asking!

"Does your father ever praise our glorious leader?"

"No!" Emphatically.

"No!" The way he said this made me think he was really saying, "You don't say!" He looked like the cat who had swallowed the canary.

Taking a candy bar from his pocket, he slowly and deliberately unwrapped it. "I would give anything for a little bite of that," I thought. He must have known I was distracted, for unexpectedly he asked, "Do you ever listen to the radio?" He waved the candy bar under my nose. Eying the candy, I absently replied, "Yes."

The man looked at his companion and I think he nodded his head ever so slightly, but I couldn't tell for sure. I thought back over what I had said, and with a start, I recalled the word, "radio." Had I done it? Had I betrayed my parents? If only there were time to think! But already the next question was being asked. I hadn't heard it, and I asked him to repeat it. The man got terribly angry and picked me up by the front of my dress. It was an old dress, and I remembered thinking, "If

the dress tears, I will fall, and then this awful man will be sorry."

"I said, what program do your parents listen to?"

I didn't answer. I don't know how long he held me like that, with an evil look in his eyes. Finally he dropped me—he did not set me down, he deliberately dropped me.

"Bring me the sister," he said to his friend. I had decided that they must have become friends because two such mean men could find no other friends.

I began to pray fervently that my sister would not tell them what they wanted to know. She was older than I and would know the names of the stations and announcers—everything they were trying to find out. They asked her the same things they had asked me. By this time we had been removed to a smaller room, with solid white walls. Oh, how I remember those walls.

They began to hit my sister, and I just couldn't watch any more. I turned my back to the scene, but someone turned me towards it again. I tried closing my eyes, but I could still hear. There came a loud terrifying scream. My eyes snapped open. I saw my sister lying on the floor. I had never seen anyone so still. I ran to her and I knew that I must let nothing more happen to her. "What do you want?" I asked.

"What program do your parents listen to?"

"I'll tell you anything, only don't hurt my sister again! It's a program about a wonderful land and wonderful people who are trying to save us from the vicious men who rule us."

Like so many of my generation, I had unknowingly betrayed my parents, trying to save a girl already dead.

I saw my father once more, as he stood before the firing squad.

"My child, live with God," were his last words.

Wanda Smith, '57

PETEY

My name is Petey. I am seven-and-one-half years old, and I live in a dull old Orphans' Home. Nothing much ever happens here. Today seems to be special, though. The sun is high and bright and the trees are that new green that comes with spring. It seems to me something should happen.

Oh dear, there's Miss Pratt coming down the hall. We don't see her very often because she's the head of the Home. She's talking now to Miss Mary, who takes care of all the boys on my floor. Just having Miss Pratt here means there is some excitement. She always comes in, before the new mothers and fathers get here, to look us over, and then she comes back again to show us off.

There goes the door. I wonder what this new mother and father will be like? Will they like me, do you think? Usually they take the younger children, though. I'm almost eight and I've heard Miss Pratt explain to the families that it's awfully hard for one so old to make the adjustment. That's what she says. I think I could make anything, if I had a mother and father all my own. I see pictures in the magazines all the time of boys being held and looked after by their mothers. Maybe it's baby stuff, but I think I'd like it, anyway—just to feel that someone loved me and wanted me all the time, no matter what. And they have pictures of boys playing games with their fathers or helping their little sisters. There are girls in the Home, but it isn't the same. We aren't even allowed to play with them. Miss Mary said that Miss Pratt said little boys are too rough.

Here comes Miss Pratt again with a mother and father! **She's** awfully nice looking. **He** is, too! Oh dear, I can tell by the way they look that Miss Pratt is telling them about older children. They look as if they believed it, too.

There they go! Oh, well! I could tell by the way they looked they weren't the right mommy and daddy for me. I'll get my chance sometime. Even if I don't, I'm old enough to be able to get along without parents. Anyway, Miss Mary says I can leave when I'm eighteen if I can work. I guess I'll just have to learn to work. People say big boys can't make the adjustment, and I guess I'm a big boy.

Gail Beere, '55

THE THEFT OF THE COUNTESS'S NECKLACE

Captain Don Neilsen paced impatiently in the cabin of the passinger ship, the U.S.S. Washington. The trip had started off badly enough when old Mr. Peters slipped on the deck and broke his leg, he thought; but now this! He strode over to his desk and flipped the switch on the ship's "inter-com"

system. "Holmes, I want you up here on the double," he snapped.

"Aw, Chief," came the reply, "I'm in the middle of a good mystery. Can't it wait?"

"No, it cannot wait! Something serious has happened and for once you're needed. I'll expect you to be in this cabin in five minutes." Captain Neilsen sat down on his bunk and ran his fingers through his short blond hair. Shortly thereafter the door swung open and a tall young man, with a copy of **The Complete Sherlock Holmes** under his arm, ambled in.

"You called, Chief?"

"Hang it, yes I did—and you will kindly address me as 'Sir' or 'Captain', not 'Chief'—I am no longer going to tolerate such disrespectful manners from the crew."

"Aye, aye, Cap'n."

"And a fine ship's detective you make, Holmes, lying down there in your cabin, reading every book written by that confounded Hoyle!"

"It's Doyle, sir, and he was a fine writer; and I'm deeply honored that I happen to be a namesake of his brilliant creation, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. That's one of the main reasons why I'm so devoted to the Noble Profession of Sleuthing, "Holmes confided dramatically. "Besides, I was studying professional tactics. A man can't allow himself to slip behind, you know."

The captain was annoyed. "Look, Holmes, let's get down to business. Something has happened, and we can't waste time. Listen to this. You know that the Countess Julianne von Meklenburg is aboard ship—you showed her how to work the safe in her stateroom, as I remember. You will recall that she refused to place her jewels in our safekeeping for the voyage. Now the thing we were afraid of has happened: a diamond necklace, worth something like five thousand dollars, has been stolen; and she's threatened to sue the company if it's not returned to her by the time we reach the States. There. Put that in your old English pipe and smoke it."

Holmes' eyes had shown interest at the first mention of the theft and he had listened intently. Now he was thoughtful. He bore a striking resemblance to his detective hero, being lean and tall, with angular features and alert grey eyes, which had a spark of humor in them. The likeness was strengthened by his habit of dressing in shabby tweeds and a Sherlock Holmes hat; he also carried a large magnifying glass and constantly smoked an evil-smelling pipe.

"And the suspects?" he asked abruptly, in the midst of a cloud of smoke.

"That's your problem," said the Captain, "and I want you to have this thing cleared up inside of two days. I've got other things to do, so get to work . . . The number of the Countess's stateroom is 105."

After the evening meal, Captain Neilsen was making his customary tour of the ship when he was startled by a voice. "Psst . . . Hey, Chief, come here. I have something to tell you." There, in a dark companionway, crouched Detective Holmes.

"For the love of Mike, Holmes, what are you doing there? If you have something to say, come into my cabin where we can talk in private."

Once inside the little cabin, Holmes carefully closed every port and locked the door with utmost caution. Then, sitting excitedly on the edge of his chair, he announced his discovery. "I have concluded beyond a doubt that the jewelry was stolen yesterday morning between the hours of nine and ten, when the Countess was, according to custom, taking her morning stroll on the deck. One of the maids at that time went into the lady's stateroom, tidied it up, and made the bed. (She, incidentally, is my chief suspect.) The only other person who would have had access to the room is the personal maidservant to the Countess, and she, at the time of the crime, was secretly meeting one of the crew. There is, of course, the kitchen boy who brings breakfast to the Countess every morning, but he is an honest sort and I hardly suspect him. That's the case to date. I'm off to interrogate my suspects."

The captain sighed and followed the detective out the door. Wealthy countesses, he thought, should stick to air travel. Or else they should leave their jewelry in the bank! . . . "I haven't seen Holmes this excited since he read 'The Speckled Band' . . . I'll bet he's never before had his nose out of a book this long . . . He certainly is a crackpot—but **he** says he's a terrific dick . . . Hmmm . . . I wonder if we'll make port on time; This run's important, too . . . "

The next day, when the captain was studying weather conditions from the bridge, he received word that he was wanted immediately in his cabin. He hastened back to his quarters, and upon his arrival saw a tell-tale curl of blue smoke coming

from the open door. As he had expected, there was Holmes, sitting in the most comfortable chair in the room, with his feet on the desk. Looped over one arm was the missing necklace.

"Good morning, Chief—Look what I found!"

"Holmes, you're a genius! Where was it?"

"Right where I first suspected—in the personal belongings of Miss Sarah Case, stewardess of rooms one hundred to one-fifty. She claims she doesn't know how it got there, but I'll have her confession before long. Right now she's in solitary confinement in the brig."

"Good heavens, man, what's she doing in that rat-hole! Where did you think she'd run to? After all, we're over five hundred miles from shore!"

"You can't be too careful with criminals, Captain Neilsen. Anyhow, don't you think I deserve a citation for my work? It wasn't easy, you know."

"We'll let the company decide if you should get a reward. Now get out: I've had enough of you for one day. Wait . . . **I'll** take that necklace now, if it's all the same to you!"

"Catch!" The tall, lean man tossed the necklace over the desk and departed.

Captain Neilsen lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply, and leaned back in his chair. This was certainly disturbing. Sarah Case had been an employee on the ship for the entire five years of his own captaincy, and her integrity had never before been questioned. "I'm not so sure about that Holmes, though," he thought. "I wonder . . . " He suddenly extinguished his cigarette in the ash-tray. "Addams," he summoned his aide.

"Go find Mr. Holmes and tell him I want him back here—but quick!"

Turning the heavily jewelled necklace over in his hands as if he had just realized its value, he rose and walked over to the wall safe where all the ship's valuables were kept: and after several quick turns of the small knob, he swung open the little door, placed the jewels inside and quickly closed the lock.

His aide returned with the indignant Holmes in tow. "What's this, Cap'n? Can't I have any time to myself? I solved your mystery, didn't I?"

Neilsen dismissed his aide and addressed the detective. He was taking a long chance, and he hoped he would be lucky. "Listen here, Holmes, why did you do it? It was a nasty, low trick on poor Sarah, who's as honest as the day is long, and you know it! You took the necklace yourself, didn't you?"

The look of bored impatience on Holmes' face had turned to one of astonishment and then to one of anger. "Look, Mr. Captain, I don't know what you're talking about. It was an open and shut case. As far as I'm concerned, the girl's guilty. Why would I steal the jewels and return them two days later? Answer me that!"

"That question's very easy to answer. You were a young and unsuccessful detective, with no important cases to your record. But you did have an active imagination, and you rigged up this little mystery by stealing the jewels from the safe—you, being ship's detective, of course knew the combination!—and you planted them in Miss Case's belongings, intending from the beginning to return them after you had intelligently 'solved' the mystery of their whereabouts. You hoped to make a name for yourself and maybe even to receive a small 'token of appreciation'! . . . Your little plan failed, didn't it? Now, don't you think that, for an amateur, I'm a pretty decent detective?"

"I'll turn my cap and pipe over to you right now," Holmes said gloomily, but then he brightened. "My story had a flaw in it, anyhow. That girl doesn't know how to crack a safe—and those jewels were locked up tight! My gosh! . . . she's still shut up in that brig! The poor woman is probably scared to death!"

Harriet Elwood, '56

LOST DAYS

A small boy walked along the seashore, aimlessly kicking a stone with his foot. The day was dark and lonely. Large black clouds scuttled across the dark sky. The foam-flecked waves rolled ceaselessly in to shore and crashed against the rocks. A strong, cold wind was rising and tore through his tattered jacket.

He didn't know quite how he had gotten here or why he had come. He could only remember wanting to find his way to the small fishing village where he had spent such a happy summer with his father. His mother's constant nagging and his stepfather's habitual drunken stupors had served only to increase his longing for this place in which he had spent the few happy hours of his short life.

Now, however, he was puzzled. The town wasn't

at all as he had remembered it. The sky wasn't blue and sunny but grey and foreboding. The friendly people who had swarmed over the picturesque little town the summer before were nowhere to be seen. As he walked to the beach, the only life he had been able to espy was an old, grizzled sea-captain sitting on the front stoop of a weather-beaten shack, chewing on a plug of tobacco. The sand was a muddy brown instead of the accustomed warm yellow, and the rocks were a dull grey instead of sparkling, sun-washed mica.

He sat down on a worn wooden plank and looked at his old friend, the sea. That also wasn't as he had remembered it. The dancing, sparkling waves in which he had played were strangely ominous. Last summer the ocean had laughed with him as a friend, but now its low, pounding, roar seemed to say, "Stupid boy! What ever are you doing here? Can't you see that I don't want you?"

For a long while he sat motionless, staring at the moaning, empty sea. Close by, a sea gull cawed in the stillness. Suddenly he turned, covered his face with his hands, and started to run. He tripped over a log and twisted his ankle. Clutching the sand, he started to cry, his whole body shaken with wracking sobs. He was like this when the old sea-captain found him, gathered him lovingly in his arms, and carried him to his weather-beaten cabin.

Martha Hyndman, '57

ONE SHORT SENTENCE

"It isn't right! It just can't be," thought Mrs. Rose Dudley, as she sat by the window, staring out at a group of children playing hop-scotch in the street in front of her house. Why should they be able to run and laugh and play when her daughter, her precious Janie, had to lie in bed day in and day out, always in pain, yet seldom complaining?

Janie had been the most active of the whole group when it had happened. The very morning of the automobile accident she had left her breakfast half eaten to go out and play with her friends. Oh why, thought Mrs. Dudley, didn't I just keep her in, that day! Then none of this would have happened. Then she wouldn't have run in front of that truck. Then . . . but no—the mother rebuked herself—I've got to stop thinking like this.

She got up suddenly and, clenching her fists, walked jerkily across the room. Stopping before a coffee table, she picked up a small, pretty, hand-painted ashtray. Glancing down at it, she recalled the day Janie had given it to her. It had been her birthday, and for weeks Janie had been acting very mysteriously and had burst into excited laughter whenever she had been questioned about her actions. On the morning of her mother's birthday Janie had come into her room carrying a package wrapped in gold paper and tied with a big red bow. With shining eyes she had placed it on her mother's bed and had danced around impatiently, waiting for her to open it. Mrs. Dudley remembered that day especially, because Janie had been so exuberant, so full of high spirits, so active. And now . . .

Suddenly a light, high voice reached Mrs. Dudley's ears. She ran up the stairs quickly and into her daughter's room. Lying on the bed opposite the door, surrounded by a family of stuffed animals, lay a small ten-year-old girl. She had brown hair and large gray eyes, eyes that seemed almost too large for her small face. Her mother looked down at her softly, and almost in a dream, heard her ask for a glass of water. So small . . . so weak—"Please, Lord," she prayed softly under her breath, "please let her get well."

The next day at ten o'clock Mrs. Dudley awaited the arrival of Janie's doctor. Today he had promised to bring another doctor for consultation. Together they would give the final diagnosis, the verdict. A few short words of theirs would decide Janie's whole life. Would she recover? Would she grow up to be like everyone else, to experience the joys and sorrows of a normal life? Or would she be forever chained to her bed, a fragment of her original self, always in pain, always needing to be waited on, always . . . Here Mrs. Dudley's train of thought broke off as she heard the doorbell ringing. Experiencing a feeling of terror she had

A half-hour passed. The two physicians were examining Janie. The sound of a deep gentle voice and then of high childish laughter reached Mrs. Dudley's ears. "What have I done to deserve this?" she asked desperately, pleading softly under her breath. "How long can this go on?" She glanced at the door, silent, waiting, praying.

The sound of a door gently opening stopped Mrs. Dudley's thoughts. She stared at the two men with desperate, pleading eyes. The first doctor looked down at her softly and started to speak. "I

. . . she can't . . . " he paused, "I'm sorry," he said. "There's nothing anyone can do."

One short sentence, less than a dozen words, yet a thousand couldn't have wrought more sorrow in the life of one family. A truck travelling a little too fast . . . a careless child . . . a crash—then life-long tragedy.

Jonatha Marsland, '57

DREAMS

"Daddy! Where are you and Mommy going?
To the hospital? Is my Mommy sick?
A **baby!** Like the Baby Jesus
Born in a manger where cattle were lowing?
How long will it take? Will she miss Saint Nick?"
"No, Jimmy, she'll be back home with us
Before you even know she's gone!
So go and build a giant snow man
That reaches to the sky,
Or play fox and geese on the lawn
And we'll be back as soon as we can
With a baby, so high!
Good-bye!"
"Good-bye!"
"A baby! **My** baby brother!
Well, I guess maybe he'll grow up in time.
In time for us to be the snowballing champs
Of this street or any other!
We could build some forts and make a sign
Reading, "Arnold Brothers' North-West Mounty Camps!"
Or "Fort Arnold." That's it! What could be better?
Snow forts **twice** as big and strong!
What fun we would have together
In the tub, getting the floor wetter and wetter!
What a time Dad will have—"Which of them wrong?"
Yeah! Just like birds of a feather!
Sticking together!
Sticking together!

Joan Rodgers, '56

TREASURED MEMORIES

On the sixth of March, in fifty-three,
I sailed across the eastern sea.
There were father and mother,
Grandma and brother,
Not to mention little me.

Three months we sailed the ocean's tide,
and traveled the foreign country side,
Saw sights galore,
And ruins of war,
Where soldiers bravely fought and died.

In France we visited old Paree,
The Riviera, and the wine country,
Chenonceau,
And Bordeaux.
For all your beauties, France, "Merci!"

Then to the land of **les Espagnols,**
And into Corkland, Portugal,
Madrid, Estoril,
Granada, Seville.
"Gracias!" to Spaniards young and old.

Next we traveled to Italy,
And southward turned to Sicily,
Rome, Palermo,
Venice and Como.
For all your antique splendors, "Grazie!"

Embarking one bright afternoon,
We homeward sailed the following June.
There are memories great,
Which I still relate,
And our trip ended much too soon.

Linda Goldsmith, '58

SPRING IN OUR HOUSE

With all the dreary winter outside, within our house is spring.
There are pussy willows in a vase and a parakeet to sing.
A bulb has flowered on the sill—the cactus has a bloom.
Let snow flakes beat against the pane—we've springtime in the room!

Penny Schuchman, Grade 7

LOOK WELL, O DRIVER

Look well, O driver, watch carefully!
Do you see that boy at the side of the road?
Do you see him step into the street?
Do you see him start to walk across?
Look well, O driver, watch carefully!

Do you see that dog at the boy's side?
Do you see him look your way?
He knows what you can do, but do you?
Look well, O driver, watch carefully!

Do you know what terrible things you can do to them?
Do you know that you can stop their walk forever?
Do you know that you can even kill them?
Look well, O driver, watch carefully!

Do you know what you hold in your hands?
Do you know that you hold a deadly weapon?
Do you know that you hold the wheel of a car?
Look well, O driver, watch carefully!

Now you have passed that boy and his dog.
Now you think you can relax for a moment—but don't!
Do you see that girl on the other side of the street?
Look well, O driver, watch carefully!

Never a moment can you relax,
Never a moment can you rest,
Never a moment until you leave that car,
Or you might kill.
Look well, O driver, watch carefully!

Eleonore Hanson, '58

THE DEL MONACO HALL OF FAME

My father used to play the violin in the Eastman Theater Philharmonic Orchestra. One time the orchestra went to New York City. My father had never been to New York and it was very exciting for him. When they got to New York, my father went sight-seeing all over. He went to the Empire State Building, the Statue of Liberty, and the Aquarium. When it was time to play at the concert he was almost asleep. When the orchestra was playing, he did fall asleep. The man next to him tried to wake him without being noticed. During intermission Daddy put cold water on his wrists and face, but he still kept falling asleep.

Mother always says, when we tell this story, that my father's only claim to fame is that he is the only man who ever slept on the stage of Carnegie Hall.

Linda Del Monaco, Grade 4

REFLECTIONS

Here I sit above the glassy lake,
Whose mirror face reflects the new-born day
Just showing in the East past that tall peak.
The tree-clad mountain slopes descend to touch
Their own reflection, spread upon the lake.
Today will be a multicolored day
Of life and fun and solitude and rest,
And I might best prepare myself for this
By quiet concentration on the things
That God has set about me for my joy.

Here I sit upon a great, flat rock
Above the giant mirror lake whose banks
Are now caressed by playful baby waves.
This rock has known the lapping of the waves
For untold centuries. A painted Indian
Perhaps once glided past in his canoe
Or even stopped to stretch his copper length
Upon this streaked, gray stone. Perhaps a moose
Once stood nearby and fed from tender shoots
That thrive in shallow waters by this rock.

Here I sit against an ancient pine
That lifts gnarled arms above to shelter me.
Its twisted roots, dark patterns on the earth,
Hold it secure; its massive trunk is scarred
By aged stubs of branches ripped away,
And yet it bears green-needled arms that rise
In ever tightening circles to the sky
And shoot above the neighboring ever-greens
To prick with emerald spears the lofty sky's
Blue vault and waver in the moving air.

Here I sit and listen to the sounds
That swell from waking forest and from lake—
The thousand minute noises made by deer,
Striped chipmunks, chirping birds, and insects small.
At last the lake has lost its calm and runs
With laughing steps before the gentle breeze.
The regal pines have caught that breath and bear it,
Singing, through their needled boughs. The sun
Has swung into the heavens. The day has come,
And I must go.

Janet Adams, '56

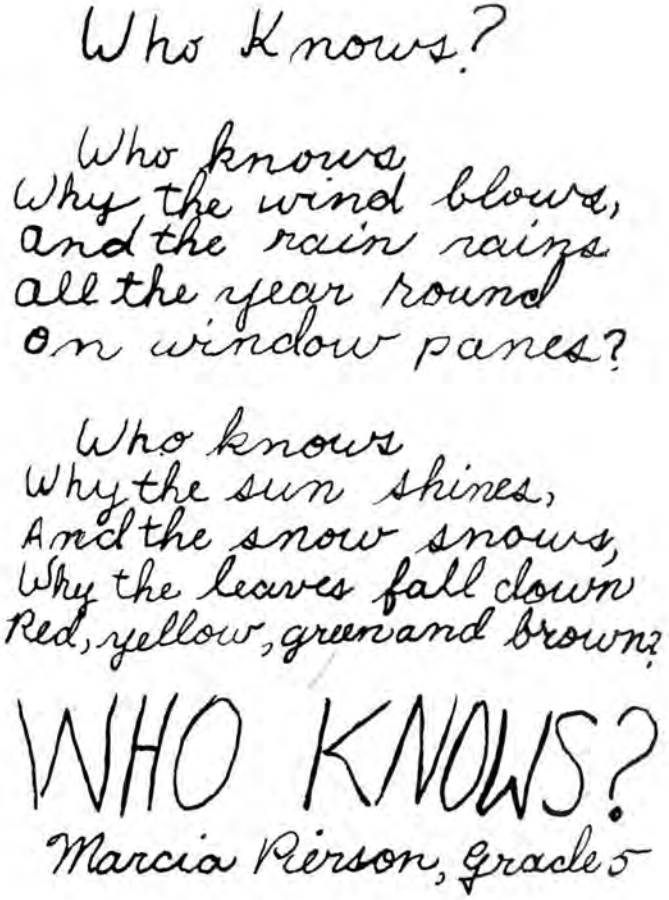
GARBAGOS LINOI

Kerplunk! That's me, being brutally treated by the paper boy!
But if he only knew just how important I am,
He might think twice before he threw me on the doorsill!
I am a newspaper of the species **garbagos linoi.**
Without me this family would be in such a jam!
To see how vital I am, come inside, if you will!

"Where's the paper!" exclaims the important father.
"A business man must know all of the news!"
"Here's some of it, Daddy, and see, here's my newspaper hat!"
"Terry, unfold that—give it to me—what bother!"
"Herbert, don't be that way! Here comes Aunt Suze!"
"Good morning, Elizabeth. Herbert dear, may I see that?
Thank you. Alten, Bommer, Bernet, Colson, Clerk—hmmm, two Clerks, I don't know either. Let's see—"
"Obituaries! What a morbid mind! says Father under his breath.
"Now, Herbert," says Mother, "be tolerant. You may be as deaf and as dependent as she, some day!"
"No, Liz, not another person in this world could be as deaf and dependent as she!
The old witch can't think of anything normal at all, nothing but death."
"Herbert! The children! What a tart remark! Dear, think of something **kind** to say!"
"Hey, Dad! Did the Royals beat the ol' Syracuse Chiefs last night?"
"I don't know," says the father loudly, "I haven't had a chance—"
"Junior! You're late! Sit right down and eat!"
"Hi, everyone! Where's the paper? **Time** is nowhere in sight!
I've got 'Cur Hist' first period and Mrs. Simpson won't take any song and dance!"
"Can I see the funnies, for 'Neat Pete'?"

And so through the breakfast
I get traded around,
And even fought over now and then,
Till at last Dad and the rest
Go off, and I'm thrown in a mound
And settled down for a rest, when
I am suddenly picked up
And ruthlessly torn apart.
Part of my valuable self is left on the table.
The rest is soiled by the pup.
And now my **real** job will start.
Here am I, a garbage can liner, ending my fable!

Joan Rodgers, '56



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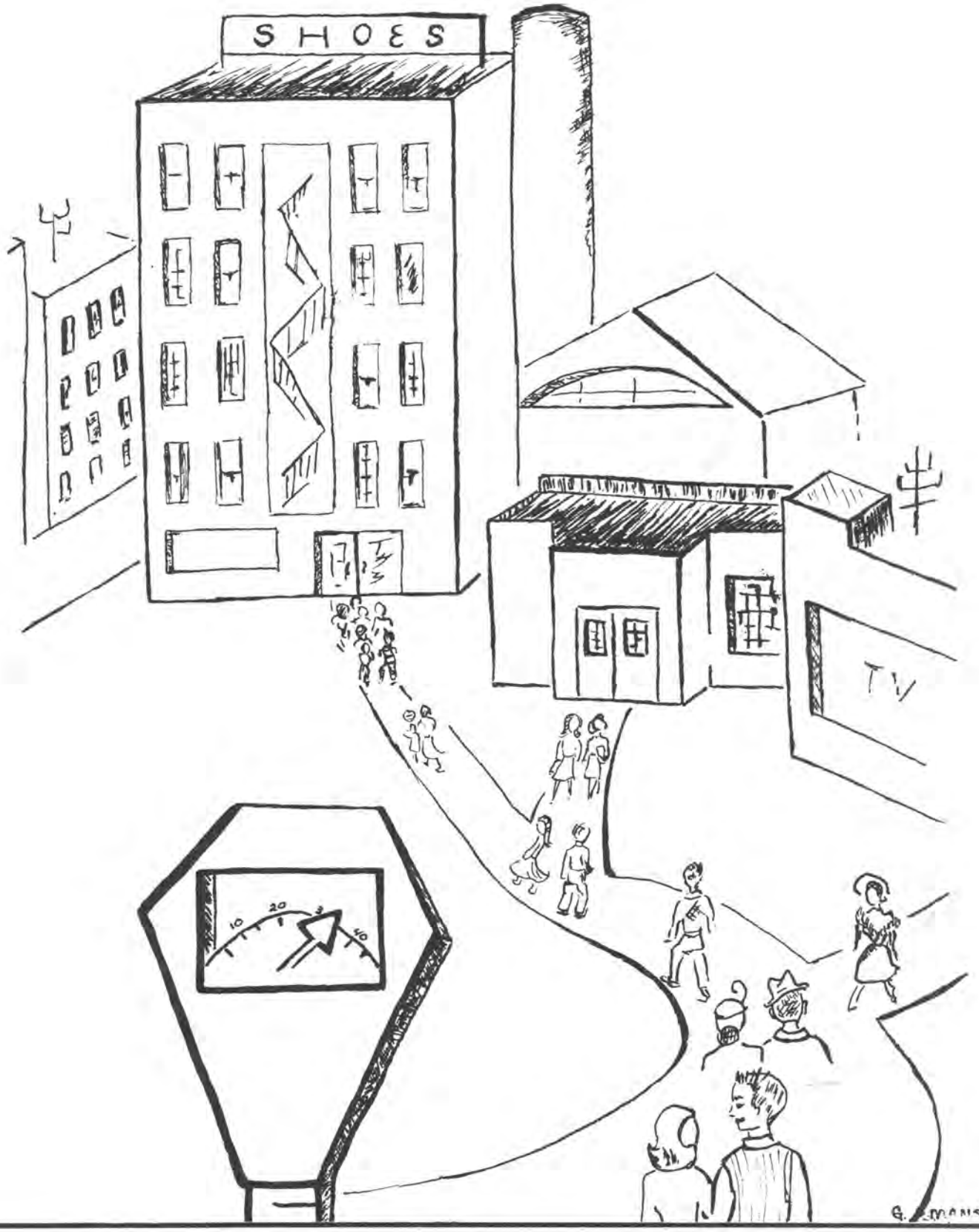

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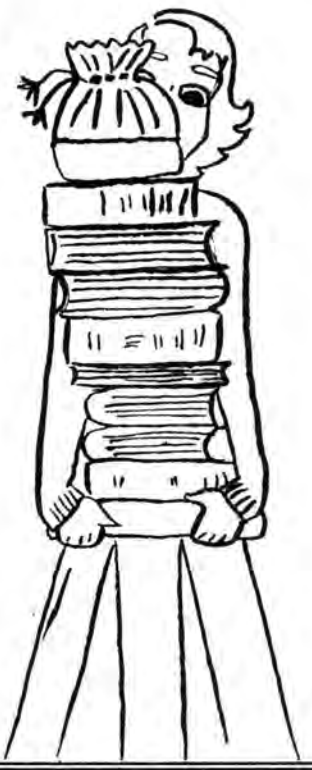

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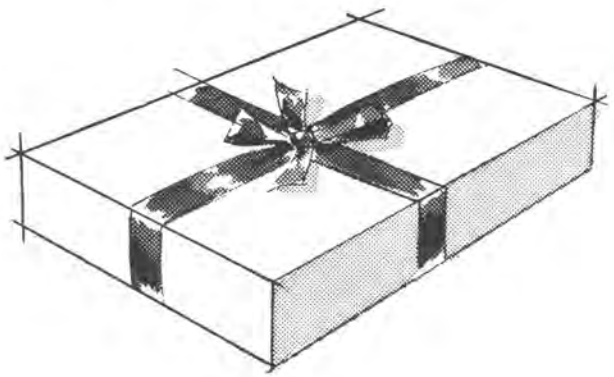

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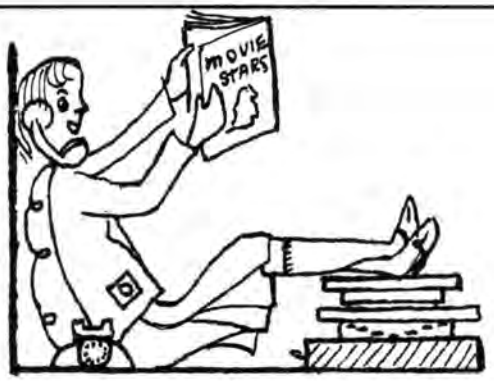

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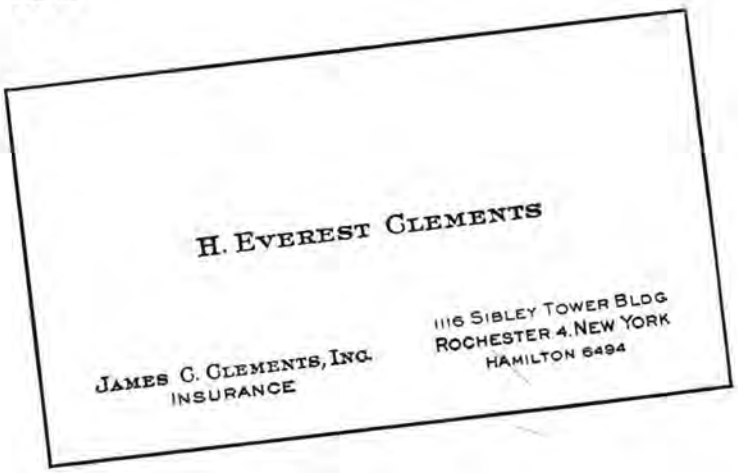

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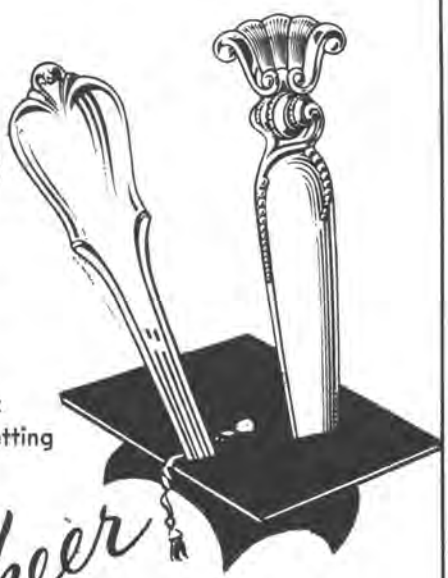

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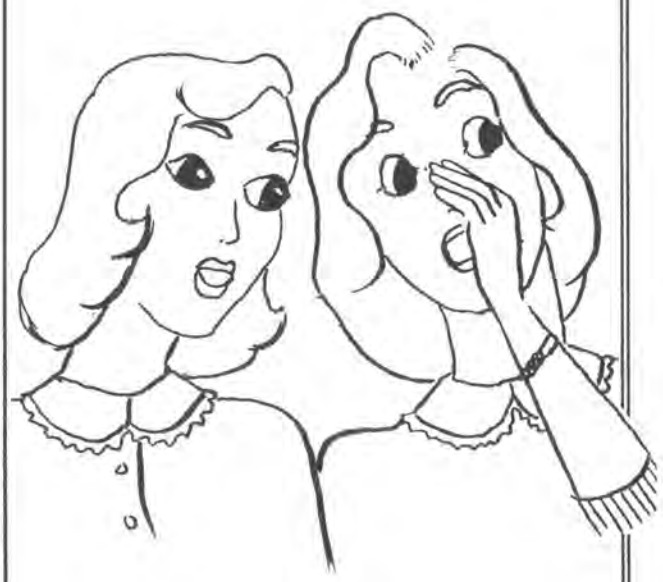

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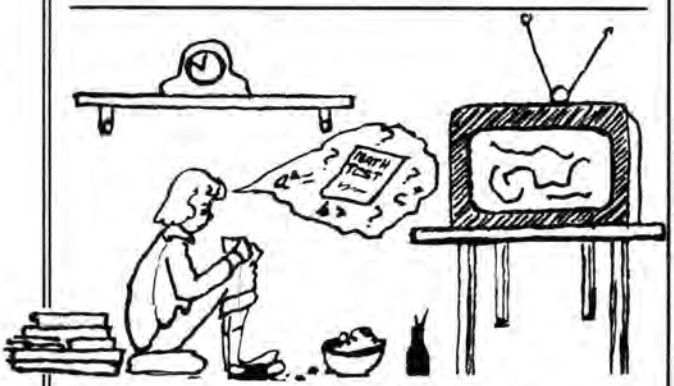

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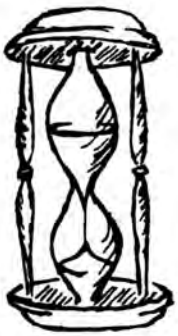

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Biggest Bluffer in the Classroom ..... Manson, Milella

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Thinks She's Best Driver ..... Clements
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Most Athletic ..... Gabel
Most Stylish ..... Bratt, Critikos

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Mamselle's Downfall ..... Hart
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